

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser
IS PUBLISHED BY
THE P. C. ADVERTISER CO.
Every Saturday Morning.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Subscriptions payable always in advance.
Communications from all parts of the Pacific will
always be very acceptable.
Persons residing in any part of the United States
or of Canada, who desire to receive the Pacific
papers in American stamps.
Communications should be addressed, and accounts
paid, to F. H. HAYSELDEN, Manager for the
PACIFIC COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER COMPANY.
The subscription price for papers forwarded to any part
of the United States is \$6 per annum, in advance, which
includes postage.

SHIPWRECKED.
(Written for the P. C. Advertiser.)
My darling, my idol has left me,
The master has called her," they say,
But I know life has lost all its sweetness,
Since she has been taken away.
But ten days ago she was living,
As happy, as light, and as free,
As any of God's happy creatures,
How joyous the world seemed to be.
But death came, relentless and cruel,
And no earthly power could save.
My poor heart is crushed, I'm forsaken,
For my darling now lies in her grave.
The minister came to console me,
He told me of Christ and his love,
That my heart should be filled with thanksgiving,
For my child was in Heaven above.
He spoke of "communion in spirit,"
Of the meeting, when life's work was done,
Then mourned not," he said, "as in sorrow,"
But with faith thy "short journey run."
Ah! faith has no doubts in the sunshine,
It is strong while the world's fair and bright,
But that narrow ridge in the churchyard,
Which carries my darling from sight—
Is more convincing than logic,
And the sight of that cold white stone,
Declares that the rest of life's journey,
Must be travelled by me all alone.
Does death ever yield to entreaty?
I hope for the life that is to be,
And I'll earnestly seek to be with me,
Waiting, Jan. 26th, 1893. J. A. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Red headed student to professor: "Pro-
fessor, why is it that you never seem to
recognize me on the street?" Professor:
"Well Mr. X., the truth is I am slightly
color-blind."

When a New Yorker wakes up on the
day of judgment, about the year 3402, he
will grab a morning paper, and the first
thing he will see will be this paragraph: "It
is announced that the Brooklyn bridge
will be finished by the middle of January."

Rev. Dr. Hall said that every rock was
a sermon. When a boy was stealing apples
from Mr. Hall's orchard, the latter peered
him out of the orchard. When the boy
father subsequently asked him why he
limped, he replied that he was very much
struck with one of Mr. Hall's sermons.

A colored blacksmith of Vienna, Georgia,
was shoeing a mule not long ago, when
the animal disengaged itself and drove one
of its hind feet against the negro's head
with the force of a battering-ram. A few days
afterwards some one asked the owner if
the blacksmith sustained severe injuries. "I
can't say that he did," responded the man
dejectedly, "but the mule goes on three
legs."

A clergyman in one of the Scotch coun-
try districts, says *Chamber's Journal*, had
a stranger to officiate for him one day, and
meeting his beadle afterwards he said to
him: "Well, Douglass, how did you like
Sunday's preaching?" "It was a great deal
owre plain and simple for me," replied the
beadle. "I like sermons that jumble the
judgment and confound the sense. Oa, sir,
I never saw a be that could come up to your-
self at that."

"Can you give me something that will
drive from my mind the thought of sorrow
and bitter recollection?" asked a sad-looking
man of a Burlington druggist. The man of
medicine nodded, and put him up a little
dose of quinine, and wormwood, and ru-
barb, and Epsom salts, and a dose of castor
oil, and gave it to him, and for six months
the man couldn't think of anything in the
world except new schemes for getting the
taste out of his mouth.

Among anecdotes of first nights of new
pieces the following deserves a place: It was
the first night—and morning—of "Monte
Cristo," a drama which, for its length, might
have been of Chinese origin. At 12.45 in the
morning the curtain rose upon the last act.
Charles Fletcher, in the character of the hero,
is discovered seated in a contemplative atti-
tude. Like the ghost in "Alonso the Brave,"
he moved not, he spoke not; but there
came from the gallery, in a clear, somewhat
sad, but gentle voice, these words: "I hope
we are not keeping you up, sir." The effect
may be imagined.—*London Society*.

A Philadelphia paper tells of a fashion-
able young lady's visit to a cooking school,
where her attention was equally divided be-
tween a new dress worn by an acquaintance
and the direction for making a cake. Upon
returning home she undertook to write
down the recipe for the cake for her mother,
and the old lady was paralyzed when she
read: "Take 2 lb. of flour; ten rows of
pleating down the front; the white of two
eggs cut bias; a pint of milk raffled around
the neck; 3 lb. of currants with 7 yards of
bead trimming; grated lemon peel with
Spanish figs; stir well and add a semi-
fitting paletot with white sleeves; butter
the pan with Brazilian necklace; garnish
with icing and jettied passementerie; bake
in a moderately hot oven until the over-
skirt is tucked from the waist down on
either side, and finish with large satin
bows." Her mother said she wouldn't eat
such cake, and she thought the new-fangled
ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser
IS PUBLISHED BY
THE P. C. ADVERTISER CO.
Every Saturday Morning.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Subscriptions payable always in advance.
Communications from all parts of the Pacific will
always be very acceptable.
Persons residing in any part of the United States
or of Canada, who desire to receive the Pacific
papers in American stamps.
Communications should be addressed, and accounts
paid, to F. H. HAYSELDEN, Manager for the
PACIFIC COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER COMPANY.
The subscription price for papers forwarded to any part
of the United States is \$6 per annum, in advance, which
includes postage.

SHIPWRECKED.
(Written for the P. C. Advertiser.)
My darling, my idol has left me,
The master has called her," they say,
But I know life has lost all its sweetness,
Since she has been taken away.
But ten days ago she was living,
As happy, as light, and as free,
As any of God's happy creatures,
How joyous the world seemed to be.
But death came, relentless and cruel,
And no earthly power could save.
My poor heart is crushed, I'm forsaken,
For my darling now lies in her grave.
The minister came to console me,
He told me of Christ and his love,
That my heart should be filled with thanksgiving,
For my child was in Heaven above.
He spoke of "communion in spirit,"
Of the meeting, when life's work was done,
Then mourned not," he said, "as in sorrow,"
But with faith thy "short journey run."
Ah! faith has no doubts in the sunshine,
It is strong while the world's fair and bright,
But that narrow ridge in the churchyard,
Which carries my darling from sight—
Is more convincing than logic,
And the sight of that cold white stone,
Declares that the rest of life's journey,
Must be travelled by me all alone.
Does death ever yield to entreaty?
I hope for the life that is to be,
And I'll earnestly seek to be with me,
Waiting, Jan. 26th, 1893. J. A. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Red headed student to professor: "Pro-
fessor, why is it that you never seem to
recognize me on the street?" Professor:
"Well Mr. X., the truth is I am slightly
color-blind."

When a New Yorker wakes up on the
day of judgment, about the year 3402, he
will grab a morning paper, and the first
thing he will see will be this paragraph: "It
is announced that the Brooklyn bridge
will be finished by the middle of January."

Rev. Dr. Hall said that every rock was
a sermon. When a boy was stealing apples
from Mr. Hall's orchard, the latter peered
him out of the orchard. When the boy
father subsequently asked him why he
limped, he replied that he was very much
struck with one of Mr. Hall's sermons.

A colored blacksmith of Vienna, Georgia,
was shoeing a mule not long ago, when
the animal disengaged itself and drove one
of its hind feet against the negro's head
with the force of a battering-ram. A few days
afterwards some one asked the owner if
the blacksmith sustained severe injuries. "I
can't say that he did," responded the man
dejectedly, "but the mule goes on three
legs."

A clergyman in one of the Scotch coun-
try districts, says *Chamber's Journal*, had
a stranger to officiate for him one day, and
meeting his beadle afterwards he said to
him: "Well, Douglass, how did you like
Sunday's preaching?" "It was a great deal
owre plain and simple for me," replied the
beadle. "I like sermons that jumble the
judgment and confound the sense. Oa, sir,
I never saw a be that could come up to your-
self at that."

"Can you give me something that will
drive from my mind the thought of sorrow
and bitter recollection?" asked a sad-looking
man of a Burlington druggist. The man of
medicine nodded, and put him up a little
dose of quinine, and wormwood, and ru-
barb, and Epsom salts, and a dose of castor
oil, and gave it to him, and for six months
the man couldn't think of anything in the
world except new schemes for getting the
taste out of his mouth.

Among anecdotes of first nights of new
pieces the following deserves a place: It was
the first night—and morning—of "Monte
Cristo," a drama which, for its length, might
have been of Chinese origin. At 12.45 in the
morning the curtain rose upon the last act.
Charles Fletcher, in the character of the hero,
is discovered seated in a contemplative atti-
tude. Like the ghost in "Alonso the Brave,"
he moved not, he spoke not; but there
came from the gallery, in a clear, somewhat
sad, but gentle voice, these words: "I hope
we are not keeping you up, sir." The effect
may be imagined.—*London Society*.

A Philadelphia paper tells of a fashion-
able young lady's visit to a cooking school,
where her attention was equally divided be-
tween a new dress worn by an acquaintance
and the direction for making a cake. Upon
returning home she undertook to write
down the recipe for the cake for her mother,
and the old lady was paralyzed when she
read: "Take 2 lb. of flour; ten rows of
pleating down the front; the white of two
eggs cut bias; a pint of milk raffled around
the neck; 3 lb. of currants with 7 yards of
bead trimming; grated lemon peel with
Spanish figs; stir well and add a semi-
fitting paletot with white sleeves; butter
the pan with Brazilian necklace; garnish
with icing and jettied passementerie; bake
in a moderately hot oven until the over-
skirt is tucked from the waist down on
either side, and finish with large satin
bows." Her mother said she wouldn't eat
such cake, and she thought the new-fangled
ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser
IS PUBLISHED BY
THE P. C. ADVERTISER CO.
Every Saturday Morning.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Subscriptions payable always in advance.
Communications from all parts of the Pacific will
always be very acceptable.
Persons residing in any part of the United States
or of Canada, who desire to receive the Pacific
papers in American stamps.
Communications should be addressed, and accounts
paid, to F. H. HAYSELDEN, Manager for the
PACIFIC COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER COMPANY.
The subscription price for papers forwarded to any part
of the United States is \$6 per annum, in advance, which
includes postage.

SHIPWRECKED.
(Written for the P. C. Advertiser.)
My darling, my idol has left me,
The master has called her," they say,
But I know life has lost all its sweetness,
Since she has been taken away.
But ten days ago she was living,
As happy, as light, and as free,
As any of God's happy creatures,
How joyous the world seemed to be.
But death came, relentless and cruel,
And no earthly power could save.
My poor heart is crushed, I'm forsaken,
For my darling now lies in her grave.
The minister came to console me,
He told me of Christ and his love,
That my heart should be filled with thanksgiving,
For my child was in Heaven above.
He spoke of "communion in spirit,"
Of the meeting, when life's work was done,
Then mourned not," he said, "as in sorrow,"
But with faith thy "short journey run."
Ah! faith has no doubts in the sunshine,
It is strong while the world's fair and bright,
But that narrow ridge in the churchyard,
Which carries my darling from sight—
Is more convincing than logic,
And the sight of that cold white stone,
Declares that the rest of life's journey,
Must be travelled by me all alone.
Does death ever yield to entreaty?
I hope for the life that is to be,
And I'll earnestly seek to be with me,
Waiting, Jan. 26th, 1893. J. A. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Red headed student to professor: "Pro-
fessor, why is it that you never seem to
recognize me on the street?" Professor:
"Well Mr. X., the truth is I am slightly
color-blind."

When a New Yorker wakes up on the
day of judgment, about the year 3402, he
will grab a morning paper, and the first
thing he will see will be this paragraph: "It
is announced that the Brooklyn bridge
will be finished by the middle of January."

Rev. Dr. Hall said that every rock was
a sermon. When a boy was stealing apples
from Mr. Hall's orchard, the latter peered
him out of the orchard. When the boy
father subsequently asked him why he
limped, he replied that he was very much
struck with one of Mr. Hall's sermons.

A colored blacksmith of Vienna, Georgia,
was shoeing a mule not long ago, when
the animal disengaged itself and drove one
of its hind feet against the negro's head
with the force of a battering-ram. A few days
afterwards some one asked the owner if
the blacksmith sustained severe injuries. "I
can't say that he did," responded the man
dejectedly, "but the mule goes on three
legs."

A clergyman in one of the Scotch coun-
try districts, says *Chamber's Journal*, had
a stranger to officiate for him one day, and
meeting his beadle afterwards he said to
him: "Well, Douglass, how did you like
Sunday's preaching?" "It was a great deal
owre plain and simple for me," replied the
beadle. "I like sermons that jumble the
judgment and confound the sense. Oa, sir,
I never saw a be that could come up to your-
self at that."

"Can you give me something that will
drive from my mind the thought of sorrow
and bitter recollection?" asked a sad-looking
man of a Burlington druggist. The man of
medicine nodded, and put him up a little
dose of quinine, and wormwood, and ru-
barb, and Epsom salts, and a dose of castor
oil, and gave it to him, and for six months
the man couldn't think of anything in the
world except new schemes for getting the
taste out of his mouth.

Among anecdotes of first nights of new
pieces the following deserves a place: It was
the first night—and morning—of "Monte
Cristo," a drama which, for its length, might
have been of Chinese origin. At 12.45 in the
morning the curtain rose upon the last act.
Charles Fletcher, in the character of the hero,
is discovered seated in a contemplative atti-
tude. Like the ghost in "Alonso the Brave,"
he moved not, he spoke not; but there
came from the gallery, in a clear, somewhat
sad, but gentle voice, these words: "I hope
we are not keeping you up, sir." The effect
may be imagined.—*London Society*.

A Philadelphia paper tells of a fashion-
able young lady's visit to a cooking school,
where her attention was equally divided be-
tween a new dress worn by an acquaintance
and the direction for making a cake. Upon
returning home she undertook to write
down the recipe for the cake for her mother,
and the old lady was paralyzed when she
read: "Take 2 lb. of flour; ten rows of
pleating down the front; the white of two
eggs cut bias; a pint of milk raffled around
the neck; 3 lb. of currants with 7 yards of
bead trimming; grated lemon peel with
Spanish figs; stir well and add a semi-
fitting paletot with white sleeves; butter
the pan with Brazilian necklace; garnish
with icing and jettied passementerie; bake
in a moderately hot oven until the over-
skirt is tucked from the waist down on
either side, and finish with large satin
bows." Her mother said she wouldn't eat
such cake, and she thought the new-fangled
ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser
IS PUBLISHED BY
THE P. C. ADVERTISER CO.
Every Saturday Morning.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Subscriptions payable always in advance.
Communications from all parts of the Pacific will
always be very acceptable.
Persons residing in any part of the United States
or of Canada, who desire to receive the Pacific
papers in American stamps.
Communications should be addressed, and accounts
paid, to F. H. HAYSELDEN, Manager for the
PACIFIC COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER COMPANY.
The subscription price for papers forwarded to any part
of the United States is \$6 per annum, in advance, which
includes postage.

SHIPWRECKED.
(Written for the P. C. Advertiser.)
My darling, my idol has left me,
The master has called her," they say,
But I know life has lost all its sweetness,
Since she has been taken away.
But ten days ago she was living,
As happy, as light, and as free,
As any of God's happy creatures,
How joyous the world seemed to be.
But death came, relentless and cruel,
And no earthly power could save.
My poor heart is crushed, I'm forsaken,
For my darling now lies in her grave.
The minister came to console me,
He told me of Christ and his love,
That my heart should be filled with thanksgiving,
For my child was in Heaven above.
He spoke of "communion in spirit,"
Of the meeting, when life's work was done,
Then mourned not," he said, "as in sorrow,"
But with faith thy "short journey run."
Ah! faith has no doubts in the sunshine,
It is strong while the world's fair and bright,
But that narrow ridge in the churchyard,
Which carries my darling from sight—
Is more convincing than logic,
And the sight of that cold white stone,
Declares that the rest of life's journey,
Must be travelled by me all alone.
Does death ever yield to entreaty?
I hope for the life that is to be,
And I'll earnestly seek to be with me,
Waiting, Jan. 26th, 1893. J. A. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Red headed student to professor: "Pro-
fessor, why is it that you never seem to
recognize me on the street?" Professor:
"Well Mr. X., the truth is I am slightly
color-blind."

When a New Yorker wakes up on the
day of judgment, about the year 3402, he
will grab a morning paper, and the first
thing he will see will be this paragraph: "It
is announced that the Brooklyn bridge
will be finished by the middle of January."

Rev. Dr. Hall said that every rock was
a sermon. When a boy was stealing apples
from Mr. Hall's orchard, the latter peered
him out of the orchard. When the boy
father subsequently asked him why he
limped, he replied that he was very much
struck with one of Mr. Hall's sermons.

A colored blacksmith of Vienna, Georgia,
was shoeing a mule not long ago, when
the animal disengaged itself and drove one
of its hind feet against the negro's head
with the force of a battering-ram. A few days
afterwards some one asked the owner if
the blacksmith sustained severe injuries. "I
can't say that he did," responded the man
dejectedly, "but the mule goes on three
legs."

A clergyman in one of the Scotch coun-
try districts, says *Chamber's Journal*, had
a stranger to officiate for him one day, and
meeting his beadle afterwards he said to
him: "Well, Douglass, how did you like
Sunday's preaching?" "It was a great deal
owre plain and simple for me," replied the
beadle. "I like sermons that jumble the
judgment and confound the sense. Oa, sir,
I never saw a be that could come up to your-
self at that."

"Can you give me something that will
drive from my mind the thought of sorrow
and bitter recollection?" asked a sad-looking
man of a Burlington druggist. The man of
medicine nodded, and put him up a little
dose of quinine, and wormwood, and ru-
barb, and Epsom salts, and a dose of castor
oil, and gave it to him, and for six months
the man couldn't think of anything in the
world except new schemes for getting the
taste out of his mouth.

Among anecdotes of first nights of new
pieces the following deserves a place: It was
the first night—and morning—of "Monte
Cristo," a drama which, for its length, might
have been of Chinese origin. At 12.45 in the
morning the curtain rose upon the last act.
Charles Fletcher, in the character of the hero,
is discovered seated in a contemplative atti-
tude. Like the ghost in "Alonso the Brave,"
he moved not, he spoke not; but there
came from the gallery, in a clear, somewhat
sad, but gentle voice, these words: "I hope
we are not keeping you up, sir." The effect
may be imagined.—*London Society*.

A Philadelphia paper tells of a fashion-
able young lady's visit to a cooking school,
where her attention was equally divided be-
tween a new dress worn by an acquaintance
and the direction for making a cake. Upon
returning home she undertook to write
down the recipe for the cake for her mother,
and the old lady was paralyzed when she
read: "Take 2 lb. of flour; ten rows of
pleating down the front; the white of two
eggs cut bias; a pint of milk raffled around
the neck; 3 lb. of currants with 7 yards of
bead trimming; grated lemon peel with
Spanish figs; stir well and add a semi-
fitting paletot with white sleeves; butter
the pan with Brazilian necklace; garnish
with icing and jettied passementerie; bake
in a moderately hot oven until the over-
skirt is tucked from the waist down on
either side, and finish with large satin
bows." Her mother said she wouldn't eat
such cake, and she thought the new-fangled
ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser
IS PUBLISHED BY
THE P. C. ADVERTISER CO.
Every Saturday Morning.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.
For 1 and 2 Islands Subscriptions, when paid
in advance, \$3.00 a year; \$2.50 for
Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$6.00 to \$8 a Year,
including postage.
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Subscriptions payable always in advance.
Communications from all parts of the Pacific will
always be very acceptable.
Persons residing in any part of the United States
or of Canada, who desire to receive the Pacific
papers in American stamps.
Communications should be addressed, and accounts
paid, to F. H. HAYSELDEN, Manager for the
PACIFIC COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER COMPANY.
The subscription price for papers forwarded to any part
of the United States is \$6 per annum, in advance, which
includes postage.

SHIPWRECKED.
(Written for the P. C. Advertiser.)
My darling, my idol has left me,
The master has called her," they say,
But I know life has lost all its sweetness,
Since she has been taken away.
But ten days ago she was living,
As happy, as light, and as free,
As any of God's happy creatures,
How joyous the world seemed to be.
But death came, relentless and cruel,
And no earthly power could save.
My poor heart is crushed, I'm forsaken,
For my darling now lies in her grave.
The minister came to console me,
He told me of Christ and his love,
That my heart should be filled with thanksgiving,
For my child was in Heaven above.
He spoke of "communion in spirit,"
Of the meeting, when life's work was done,
Then mourned not," he said, "as in sorrow,"
But with faith thy "short journey run."
Ah! faith has no doubts in the sunshine,
It is strong while the world's fair and bright,
But that narrow ridge in the churchyard,
Which carries my darling from sight—
Is more convincing than logic,
And the sight of that cold white stone,
Declares that the rest of life's journey,
Must be travelled by me all alone.
Does death ever yield to entreaty?
I hope for the life that is to be,
And I'll earnestly seek to be with me,
Waiting, Jan. 26th, 1893. J. A. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Red headed student to professor: "Pro-
fessor, why is it that you never seem to
recognize me on the street?" Professor:
"Well Mr. X., the truth is I am slightly
color-blind."

When a New Yorker wakes up on the
day of judgment, about the year 3402, he
will grab a morning paper, and the first
thing he will see will be this paragraph: "It
is announced that the Brooklyn bridge
will be finished by the middle of January."

Rev. Dr. Hall said that every rock was
a sermon. When a boy was stealing apples
from Mr. Hall's orchard, the latter peered
him out of the orchard. When the boy
father subsequently asked him why he
limped, he replied that he was very much
struck with one of Mr. Hall's sermons.

A colored blacksmith of Vienna, Georgia,
was shoeing a mule not long ago, when
the animal disengaged itself and drove one
of its hind feet against the negro's head
with the force of a battering-ram. A few days
afterwards some one asked the owner if
the blacksmith sustained severe injuries. "I
can't say that he did," responded the man
dejectedly, "but the mule goes on three
legs."

A clergyman in one of the Scotch coun-
try districts, says *Chamber's Journal*, had
a stranger to officiate for him one day, and
meeting his beadle afterwards he said to
him: "Well, Douglass, how did you like
Sunday's preaching?" "It was a great deal
owre plain and simple for me," replied the
beadle. "I like sermons that jumble the
judgment and confound the sense. Oa, sir,
I never saw a be that could come up to your-
self at that."

"Can you give me something that will
drive from my mind the thought of sorrow
and bitter recollection?" asked a sad-looking
man of a Burlington druggist. The man of
medicine nodded, and put him up a little
dose of quinine, and wormwood, and ru-
barb, and Epsom salts, and a dose of castor
oil, and gave it to him, and for six months
the man couldn't think of anything in the
world except new schemes for getting the
taste out of his mouth.

Among anecdotes of first nights of new
pieces the following deserves a place: It was
the first night—and morning—of "Monte
Cristo," a drama which, for its length, might
have been of Chinese origin. At 12.45 in the
morning the curtain rose upon the last act.
Charles Fletcher, in the character of the hero,
is discovered seated in a contemplative atti-
tude. Like the ghost in "Alonso the Brave,"
he moved not, he spoke not; but there
came from the gallery, in a clear, somewhat
sad, but gentle voice, these words: "I hope
we are not keeping you up, sir." The effect
may be imagined.—*London Society*.

A Philadelphia paper tells of a fashion-
able young lady's visit to a cooking school,
where her attention was equally divided be-
tween a new dress worn by an acquaintance
and the direction for making a cake. Upon
returning home she undertook to write
down the recipe for the cake for her mother,
and the old lady was paralyzed when she
read: "Take 2 lb. of flour; ten rows of
pleating down the front; the white of two
eggs cut bias; a pint of milk raffled around
the neck; 3 lb. of currants with 7 yards of
bead trimming; grated lemon peel with
Spanish figs; stir well and add a semi-
fitting paletot with white sleeves; butter
the pan with Brazilian necklace; garnish
with icing and jettied passementerie; bake
in a moderately hot oven until the over-
skirt is tucked from the waist down on
either side, and finish with large satin
bows." Her mother said she wouldn't eat
such cake, and she thought the new-fangled
ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.

VOL. XXVII—NO. 32.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, FEBRUARY 3, 1893.

WHOLE NO. 1392.

Business Cards.

JOHN RUSSELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
NO. 32 MERCHANT STREET, CORNER OF FORT ST.
JAN 31 1893

WILLIAM AULD,
AGENT TO TAKE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
OF DEEDS AND CONTRACTS.
Office at the Office of the Honolulu Water Works, foot of
Nuuanu Street. JAL 31 1893

WM. JOHNSON,
Merchant Tailor.
Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.
JAN 31 1893

H. W. SEVERANCE,
HAWAIIAN CONSUL AND COMMISSIONER
MERCHANT, 216 California Street, San Francisco,
California. 17 Room No. 4. 016 17

M. PHILLIPS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS
IN CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, FURS, FRUITING and
Fancy Goods. (Jan 31) No. 11 Kaahumanu St., Honolulu
JAN 31 1893

H. E. MCINTYRE & BROTHER,
GROCERY AND FEED STORE.
Corner of King and Fort Streets,
Honolulu, H. I. 016 17

ED. HOFFSCHLAGER & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Corner of Fort and Merchant Streets. JAN 31 1893

S. ROTH,
MERCHANT TAILOR, 28 FORT ST.
Honolulu, H. I. 016 17

THOS. J. HAYSELDEN,
Attorney at Law, 100 FORT STREET,
Honolulu, H. I. 016 17

JOSEPH E. WISEMAN,
REAL ESTATE BROKER, AND EM-
PLOYMENT BUREAU, HONOLULU, H. I.
Rental Rooms, Cottages, Houses, and Farms for Sale
and Lease in all parts of the Kingdom. EMPLOYMENT found
for those seeking work in all the various branches of business
connected with these Islands.
LEGAL Documents drawn, Bills Collected, Books
and Accounts kept and General office work transacted.
Patronage Solicited. Communications addressed to J. E. WISEMAN,
Honolulu, H. I. 016 17

OHAS. T. GULICK,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
AGENT TO TAKE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
OF LABOR CONTRACTS AND
General Business Agent.
Office in Market's Block, corner Queen and Kaahumanu
Streets, Honolulu. JAN 31 1893

DR. E. COOK WEBB,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CORNER RICHARD AND HOTEL STS.
OFFICE HOURS—8 to 10 A. M.; 2 to 4 P. M. 004 17

W. AUSTIN WHITING,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Agent to take acknowledgments to instru-
ments for the Island of Oahu, No. 9 Kaahumanu street,
Honolulu. 007 17

RICHARD F. BICKERTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
MOVED TO LEAD ON MORTGAGES OF FARMHOLDS.
17 OFFICE NO. 40 MERCHANT STREET.
JAN 31 1893

CECIL BROWN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC and Agent for taking Acknowledg-
ments of Instruments for the Island of Oahu.
No. 9 Kaahumanu Street, Honolulu, H. I. 02 80

JAMES M. MONSARRAT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Special attention paid to the negotiating
of Loans, Conveyancing and all matters pertaining to Real
Estate.
NOTARY PUBLIC and
Commissioner of Deeds for the States of New York
and California.
OFFICE NO. 27, MERCHANT ST.
HONOLULU, H. I. JAN 31 1893

JOHN W. KALUA,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Agent to take acknowledgments of instruments for the
Island of Maui. Also Agent to take acknowledgments for
Labor Contracts for the District of Waialua. JAN 31 1893

E. H. THACHER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
DENT. OFFICE, 104-105 Fort Street.
JAN 31 1893

S. M. CARTER,
Agent to take acknowledgments
of Instruments for Labor. Office, P. M. S. Dock.
Telephone No. 41. 016 17

LEWERS & COOKE,
(Successors to Lewers & Dickson)
DEALERS IN